

The Daily Press.



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SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1910.

GOVERNMENT BOOMING THE PAYNE TARIFF LAW.

Since the country has declared to be convinced by President Taft's approval of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, it was to be expected that the proper officer of the Republican administration would come forward in due time with facts and figures to prove that the Payne-Aldrich product is the best ever, and a complete fulfillment of campaign pledges. So, the congressional elections approaching, the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor is out with a statement comparing the imports, customs receipts and the average ad valorem rates of duty under the new law with those under the Dingley, Wilson and McKinley laws. According to this campaign document, during eleven months under the new law more money has been collected in duties than during the corresponding eleven months last year; the percentage of imports entered free of duty was larger than any similar period except in 1897, 1892, 1893 and 1894, and the ad valorem rate average was lower than it was during any similar period except in 1894 and 1896.

All of which proves practically nothing. The statement deals in totals and averages, which tell nothing of the actual results obtained by the special interests for whose benefit the tariff was framed.

What do the people care about average rates of ad valorem duty, free list totals, etc., as long as they know that the tribute they pay to Mr. Aldrich's grasping backers every time they buy something to eat or to wear is levied through the tariff? Approvals from the President and statements from the department of commerce and labor count for naught. The people know that the Republican party promised a real and fair downward revision of the tariff schedules. And they know from practical and bitter experience that the promise was not kept.

NICARAGUA AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

In spite of explanations and denials that followed a semi-official report to the effect that the German government proposed to disregard the Monroe doctrine, there seems to be every reason for believing that the great foreign powers, Germany especially, are losing respect for a rule that works only one way.

The United States tells foreign governments, through the Monroe doctrine, to keep hands off in Central and South America. And yet in dealing with the Nicaraguan situation this government adopts a dilly-dallying policy that renders the lives and property of Europeans as well as Americans unsafe in Nicaragua. Had Secretary Knox's big talk been backed by action, our little neighbor would have had a firmly established government long ago. As it is, the situation is worse today than it ever has been and there is no prospect of change for the better.

Is it strange that foreign powers are beginning to sneer at the Monroe doctrine? They will do more than sneer unless the United States takes

some decided step toward restoring order and a stable government in Nicaragua. This country must recognize one of the Nicaraguan factions and lend such support as may be necessary to put the recognized government in actual control of affairs. If we are going to stay in the protecting business we must give protection to all parties concerned.

THE "MADE-OVER COP" IDEA.

Richmond is going to try the "made-over cop" idea. The police officers are to be drilled and exercised with the view of depriving them of their launches and converting them into upright athletes capable of undertaking a cross-country run with the fleetest of criminal sprinters. It is proposed to secure the use of the gymnasium in the Howitzers' armory for the indoor exercise, and various cut-of-door stunts will be included in the "making-over" course.

Why cannot the Newport News department undertake a little of this "making-over." There are half a dozen or more officers on the force who might be made-over to the great enhancement of their usefulness and without injury to their personal appearance or comfort, and every member of the department would be improved by the proposed course.

If the police commissioners should approve the idea and desire to give "making-over" a trial, a gymnasium might be provided for the use of the policemen, firemen and members of the military company at comparatively small cost.

NOT YET PERFECTED.

Seven aviators have been killed during the past week. Accidents have happened to all kinds of aeroplanes and to the finest types of dirigibles. It is evident that while marvelous progress has been made in the development of flying machines, the time when "joy-riding" over house-tops will be the popular thing among sports who now own ninety horse-power auto races is still distant.

One of the important committees of the city council has not held a meeting in months. The creditors of the department over which this committee has supervision do not need to be told which one it is. And yet we are making no special effort toward securing reform in the matter of municipal government.

The new destroyer Roe fulfilled all her requirements without half trying. If the government had not abolished the custom of paying bonuses for excess speed, the shipyard crew under Captain Melvin, might show the navy department what a speedy Newport News built craft can do when pushed.

Commenting on the visit of the Virginia Press Association, the Times-Dispatch says, "The hour at the country club disappeared with the rapidity of a highball." Surely the editors had time for a julep, too.

There are about twenty million horses in this country today and they are worth almost twice what they were fifteen years ago. Yet the automobile industry has progressed beyond the dreams of those who used to predict a horsecless age.

The protests of the Norfolk papers against street begging do not seem to worry a husky one-legged youth who has been holding forth on Main street this week with extended cap and a winningly pathetic smile.

Norfolk will not get her fine new union railway station any too soon. Most of the passenger stations there are disgraces to the roads and to the city.

"President Taft's record makes a very effective campaign document," says the Washington Post. So the Democrats think, at least.

If the weeds on your street need cutting, notify the health officer or the city engineer. Then, if you don't get results, notify the mayor.

"When will a collector of customs be appointed?" is beginning to be classed with "How old is Ann?"

An increase in pay of 13 per cent has been granted by the Lackawanna railroad to its engineers. Had it been a reduction the engineers probably would have been superstitious.

Oyster Bay is the summer capital of the President emeritus.

What's a little flurry in German-American diplomatic circles compared with the day's baseball scores.

If sun spots have anything to do with planet, Old Sol must have looked like a much used rifle target.

It's a pity St. Smith's day didn't come before strawberry season.

A BUSINESS WOMAN

By M. QUAD Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

When coal oil was found in West Virginia among the few who held on to their land was the widow Turner. When the widow Turner was left to care for herself she possessed sixty acres of sterile land, a wretched old cabin, a mule and a cow. She had always worked in the field with her husband. She was a large, bony woman, unable to read or write, and the very homeliest among a lot of homely women. No one predicted that she would marry again, and she had no encouraging thoughts herself. She lived alone, and all the farm work was done by her own hands.

When the oil excitement got started all the landowners around the widow Turner sold out. She alone held on. She was offered five times what her farm was considered worth, but she shook her head. As a matter of fact, she was frightened.

Then along came a tin peddler. She had dealt with him before and found him honest. She told him her troubles, and he said:

"Widow, I am going to talk plainly to you. You are as ignorant as a mule and as homely as a stump fence."

"I know it," was the answer.

"If things had run along as they were going you couldn't have found a man in the United States to marry you."

"I admit that."

"But now you can. You can not only find a husband, but money with him. Let me tell you what to do."

They had a long conversation, and the result of it was that when an offer for the farm was renewed next day it was accepted with a proviso. The widow demanded \$50,000 in cash and a husband. It was accepted to her. It would be very easy to find a man to marry her and run away afterward. Plenty of them could be hired for \$2,000. But the widow wanted an acceptable husband. That was different. Thirty men were paraded before her, and she rejected every one. The capitalists had figured on a soft thing and got left. After two months' search and after fifty men had been brought forward one was found to fill the bill. He was no scrub. On the contrary, he was a broken down gentleman. It was like mating an eagle with a crow.

Yes, he would do, but there were details to be considered. He must be bound to certain things, and the buyer of the farm must guarantee him. He must be bound not to run away and not to apply for a divorce. He must be bound to live in the same house with her and not be absent over three days at any time without her written permission. He must teach her the common branches of education and rules of etiquette. He must take her to New York city and Niagara falls once in two years. If she wished to sign he must not be put out. Her money must be her own. There were about a dozen other things mentioned, and the broken down gentleman said he'd be hanged if he would. They had promised him \$10,000, but he said it wasn't enough. He hung out until he was offered the same as the widow. They told him that a smart lawyer could pick a dozen loopholes in the contract.

But the widow wasn't through yet. They must allow her \$10,000 for a lawyer's fee. They agreed, and she sent to Chicago for one of the leaders of the bar. Then came the guarantee. The guarantee of the buyer was not enough. The lawyer insisted that some one must guarantee him. This was done. Time had been wasted, and "guaranties" were being struck all around them. The money was counted out, the marriage took place, and the next day the drillers were at work. The newly weds went to the nearest village to pass their honeymoon.

The broken down gentleman had gone into the thing to make a stake. He had a good mind for billiards, good clothes and good dinners, but not for legal matters. Within three days he was away. The wife called upon the guarantors to return him. They had to hire a detective and hunt for a month. When he was brought back he was locked up for two weeks. He appealed to the law, but the law said that his wife had a right to take all reasonable precautions. He had bound himself to teach her certain things. He refused. She called upon his guarantors, and they forced him to do it. He had taught her the A B C's when he ran away again. Again he was brought back.

Although the work of drilling wells had begun at once, there were no results. They drilled here and there for more than a year, but not a plot of oil was had. That farm was just over the oil line somehow. Geologists said there ought to be a great lake of oil under it, but it didn't turn out that way. In buying and drilling more than half a million dollars was expended. At the end of a year the broken down man was away again. When his backers were called upon to return him they agreed to give the wife \$5,000 to let them off the contract. The tin peddler came along and advised her to take it, and she did. She is still living on that little farm in the Buckeye State, and though her singing scares the cows for miles around and she is not up on etiquette and has to spell out on the big words, she has money to burn and is fairly happy. The tin peddler? Oh, his conscience rewarded him for the road dead dog.

Baltimore and Soft Crabs.

The genuine soft crab, or Brachyura, is the most delicate of all crustaceans. It will no more bear transportation than a zephyr or a daffodil. The moment it is taken from its native deep it begins to lose bounce and flavor, and once it has left the Chesapeake littoral it is no longer eatable. That is why the soft crab is a superb delicatessen in Baltimore and a bitter disappointment everywhere else. So sensitive is it, indeed, to climate and handling that it is impossible to get a decent soft crab anywhere west of the first tollgate on the Frederick road. In Pittsburg, where embalmed soft crabs are offered in the gilded lobster palaces, their flavor is that of glucose. In Chicago the soft crab is a mere curiosity, to be gaped at, but not eaten. Baltimore alone has the genuine article, and it is fortunate for Baltimore that it cannot be transported. If it were possible to ship soft crabs the whole earth would bid for them, running up their price to \$1.50 and perhaps even to \$100 a dozen.—Baltimore Sun.

A Teacher in the Making.

She was a popular young normal student who had been to a party the night before, and as a consequence was "not prepared" in the geography class. The woman instructor, true to her method of drawing upon the general knowledge of a student rather than to permit a failure, after eliciting two or three inconsequential "stabs" from her fair but faded disciple, asked for the products of China.

The victim brightened. "Tea," she asserted, preparing to sit down.

"Yes, and what else?" encouraged the instructor.

The young woman smiled with sweet hopelessness.

"Now you can mention others, I am sure. Just think about it."

"Tea," drawled the flutelle voice of the pretty girl, "and," puckering her forehead with an intellectual tour de force, "and laundry work."—Youth's Companion.

Quick Cure.

Once there was a man who made life miserable for all he met by eternally harping about his aches and pains.

He would discourse on the subject of his dyspepsia, and he would almost interrupt a religious service to tell of his rheumatic symptoms.

If he had a stitch in his side he had to pester his friends with it, and a headache helped him make everybody unhappy.

At last a bright young woman, to whom the man applied for sympathy, cured him of all his ailments.

When he was in the midst of a catalogue of his sufferings she said sweetly:

"Yes, it is strange how many of these things afflict a man as he begins to grow old."

That man never even had a symptom after that.—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Judge.

When Men Were Branded.

A curious relic of bygone times, probably the only one in England, still stands at Lancaster castle. It is a strong iron holdfast, into which the prisoner, who in olden time had been sentenced to be branded as a malefactor, had his hand thrust and locked. The branding iron after being made red hot at the end was pressed against the "bravens of the thumb," and on being withdrawn the letter M branded on the unfortunate prisoner's flesh indicated from henceforward that he was a malefactor. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the judge and jury and in open court, and the brander invariably turned to the judge after he had done his work and exclaimed, "A fair mark, my lord." It is over 100 years since the instrument was last used on two men sentenced to imprisonment for manslaughter.

His Maiden Speech.

It is related that when the Earl of Rochester in the reign of Charles II. rose to make his maiden speech in the house of lords he said: "My lords—my lords, I rise this time for the first time—the very first time. My lords, I divide my speech into four branches." Here there was an embarrassing pause of some seconds. "My lords," the earl then ejaculated, "if ever I rise again in this house you may cut me off, root and branches and all, forever."

The Devil's Sonata.

Tartini, the great violinist, after dining indelicately, dreamed that he had made a bargain with the devil for his soul. To prove his powers the evil one seized a violin and played a sonata of exquisite beauty. Tartini awoke with the ringing in his ears, committed the music to paper and published it as "The Devil's Sonata."

The Verdict.

"How did your act take amateur night?" "Great! When I sang the first verse they yelled 'Fine' and when I sang the next they yelled 'Imprisonment!'"—Baltimore Sun.

His Main Want.

Earnest but Proxy Street Corner Orator—I want land reform. I want housing reform. I want educational reform. I want—Bored Voice—Chloroform.—Manchester Guardian.

Proud of It.

The Lady—Poor tramp! Have you anything in your life to be proud of? The Hobo—Yesum. I never lost nobody out of no laundry bill.—Cleveland Leader.

Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford instead of that a sweet and gentle word.—Robert Herrick.

Royal Mistakes.

Sovereigns and princes are strangely given to making astounding mistakes while dealing with dates. The inscription on King Edward VII's coffin that he died in the ninth year of his reign is a case in point. It is only an example of many similar errors. In November, 1858, Queen Victoria wrote to the late king to inform him that he might consider himself emancipated from royal authority and control, as he was now eighteen years old and therefore of age. Her majesty's letter, which was very proper, was a quasi sermon, and it ended by informing the then Prince of Wales that he would be forthwith made a knight of the Garter and a colonel in the army. How Queen Victoria and Prince Albert fell into so extraordinary a mistake it is impossible to understand. For the prince had only then completed his seventeenth year. Dean Wellesley, to whom the young prince showed the letter, at once detected the serious error into which the queen had fallen, but he thought it best to say nothing.—London Truth.

Got Full Measure.

All yesterday James had played truant from school, and when the frate master raised his voice threateningly James burst into a flood of tears.

"Please don't lick me, sir," he sobbed.

"And why should I not lick you, pray?" thundered the schoolmaster.

"Why, sir, 'cos I think I've 'ad enough!" gasped James.

"Yesterday the boy as I played truant with and I fell out and he licked me, and a man we threw stones at caught me, and he licked me, the driver of a cart we hung on to licked me, the owner of a cat we chased licked me. Then when I got home mother licked me, and after that father licked me, and then mother licked me again for calling her a sneak for telling father."

"Well," responded the master grimly, "by this time one licking more or less won't make much difference, and it seems hard I shouldn't have my whack. Come here, sir!"—London Answers.

Remnants of a College Course.

Prosecuting Attorney (examining a prospective juror)—Do you know anything about chemistry?

"I studied it at school."

"Do you think you remember enough of it to make you a competent juror in a poison case?"

"I'm not sure."

"Do you remember any of the formulas?"

"Let me see—two."

"Only two?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are they in a poem?" (Blushing) "Yes, sir."

"Is this the poem?"

"Our Willie boy is dead and gone. We never shall see him more. What Willie thought was H2O Was H2SO4."

(Blushing furiously) "Yes, sir."

"I thought so. You are excused."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Went Back on His Authority.

Leslie Stephen's single meeting with Freeman, the historian, was in the nature of a collision. "I came in contact with him only once," he said. "He wrote a life of Alfred for the Dictionary of National Biography under my editorship, but declined to do more because we had a difference of opinion as to whether Athelstane should be spelled with an 'A.' That was, I confess, a question to which I was culpably indifferent, but I had taken competent advice, and my system (I forget what it was) had been elsewhere sanctioned by the great historian Stubbs. Now, as Freeman was never tired of asserting the infallibility of Stubbs, I innocently thought that I might take refuge behind so eminent an authority. The result was that for once Freeman blasphemed Stubbs and refused to co-operate any longer in an unscholarlike enterprise."

Three Men.

When H. H. Rogers was in the prime of his power, says a New York writer, he formed a "friendship partnership" with Mark Twain and Thomas Brackett Reed and took personal charge of their affairs, looking after them as he would a couple of children. It was great fun for all three, and especially Rogers. Neither Clemens nor Reed had any sense for business. The big ex-speaker came to New York a poor man. Five years later he died suddenly, and his estate amounted over \$600,000. He probably had no idea what he was worth at any stage. Rogers made as much or more money for Clemens.

In the Long Ago.

"Adam," asked Eve, "what are you doing?"

"I'm discovering Mars," he said, looking down at her to rest his neck.

"I wonder if it has any inhabitants."

From which we learn that Adam already knew about as much concerning Mars as the modern astronomers do.—Chicago Tribune.

Satisfied With Himself.

"Have any serious trouble with your new automobile?"

"Not a bit. So far I haven't hit a single man without being able to get away before he got my number."

Might Have Nodded.

Edna—"It's a good thing for me that silence gives consent. Amelia—Why? Edna—Last night when George asked me to be his wife I lost my voice."

A Child's Character. No artist work is so high, so noble, so grand, so enduring, so important for all time, as the making of character in a child.—Charlotte Cushman.

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Steamer Service for Norfolk. Leave Newport News 10:35 a. m. and 5:35 p. m. daily.

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Steamer leaves Norfolk (foot of Church st.) 7:00 p. m. daily except Sunday for New York direct.

JAMES RIVER NIGHT LINE STEAMER FOR RICHMOND, VA. Leaves Pier "A" 8:30 every evening, passengers only. Stop at Clarendon to land or receive passengers on signal.

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"SMITHFIELD" leaves Pier "A" daily except Sunday 9:00 a. m. for Norfolk, and 4:30 p. m. for Smithfield. Ocaroke leaves Pier "A" daily except Sunday 9 a. m. for Smithfield and 3 p. m. for Norfolk.

A business between Newport News and New York transacted at Pier No. 6.

A business between Newport News, Norfolk, Smithfield and local points transacted at Pier "A" foot of Twenty-fifth street.

Tickets on sale C. & O. depot. W. H. LANDON, Agent. Newport News.

NORFOLK & ATLANTIC TERMINAL CO.

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In effect Monday, May 29th, 1910. Subject to change without notice.

LEAVE SHIPYARD

6:00 a. m., 7:00, 8:20, 9:35, 10:50, 12:05 p. m., 1:20, 2:35, 3:50, 5:05, 6:20, 7:35, 9:35, 10:50 p. m.

LEAVE MONTICELLO HOTEL

6:00 a. m., 7:15, 8:45, 10:00, 11:15, 12:30 p. m., 1:45, 3:00, 4:15, 5:30, 6:45, 8:00, 10:00, 11:15 p. m.

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(Schedule Effective Nov. 1, 1908.) The New and Powerful Iron Palace Steamers NEWPORT NEWS, WASHINGTON and NORFOLK will leave daily as follows:

Northbound.

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Lv. Norfolk 6:00 p. m.
Lv. Old Point 7:00 p. m.
Lv. Washington 7:00 a. m.

Southbound.

Lv. Wash., B. & O. Ry. 11:50 a. m.
Lv. Phila., B. & O. Ry. 11:50 a. m.
Lv. N. Y., B. & O. Ry. 12:10 p. m.